

841. b 33

S O N G S, &c.

IN

NO SONG NO SUPPER.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

SONG NO. 8
NO SONG NO SUPPLY

THREE SIXTY

NO SONG NO SUPPER.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *Storace.*

AIR. FREDERICK. *Storace.*

THE ling'ring pangs of hopeless love
Condemn'd, unpitied, to endure,
Ah! hapless fate! by flight I strove
To sooth the pain, I could not cure.

Cease, Ocean, cease thy angry strife,
Or here thy whelming billows pour!
I ask but this—oh! take my life,
Or bear me to some distant shore.

AIR. DOROTHY. *French Air.*

Go, George, I can't endure you,—
 You wrong me, I assure you ;—
 I wonder why I love you still ;
 Are women for no use meant,
 But merely man's amusement,
 To teaze and torture, as he will ?
 No, if you lov'd me true,
 You'd other means pursue—
 No, that you don't, 'tis plain,
 I tell you so again.
 No, no, no, no,
 You ne'er
 Could bear
 To use me so.

What see you, pray, about me,
 Thus still to scold and flout me ?
 Such treatment yet was never heard ;
 I ne'er must speak—good gracious !
 I'm sure 'tis quite vexatious,
 I never now must speak a word.
 No, if you lov'd me true,
 You'd other means pursue—
 No, that you don't, 'tis plain,
 I tell you so again.
 No, no, no, no,
 You ne'er
 Could bear
 To use me so.

AIR, CROP. *Storage.*

How happily my life I led,
 Without a day of sorrow!
 To plow and sow—
 To reap and mow—
 No care beyond the morrow.
 In heat or cold, in wet or dry,
 I never grumbled, no not I.
 My wife, 'tis true,
 Loves words a few,
 What then?—I let her prate;
 For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
 I found myself still rich enough
 In the joys of an humble state.

But when with law I craz'd my head,
 I lost both peace and pleasure;
 Long says to hear—
 To search—and swear—
 And plague beyond all measure.
 One grievance brought another on,
 My debts increase, my stock is gone:
 My wife, she says,
 Our means 'twill raise;
 What then?—'tis idle prate;
 For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
 I found myself still rich enough
 In the joys of an humble state.

AIR. LOUISA. *Gretry.*

I thought our quarrels ended,
 And set my heart at ease;
 'Tis strange you're thus offended—
 You take delight to tease;
 Yes, yes—

You take delight to tease.
 Dear Sir, decide the strife
 Betwixt your child and wife!
 Alas! the grief I feel,
 I dare not to reveal.—
 I know that you believe
 For Fred'rick's loss I grieve:—
 Psho! Psho!

Very well, very well, think as you please.

In vain I'm always striving
 To make our difference cease,
 If you're disputes contriving,
 And will not live in peace;
 No, No,—

You will not live in peace,
 I'm vex'd, dear Sir, for you,
 But say, what can I do?
 To none I can complain—
 How cruel is my pain!
 I know that you believe
 For Fred'rick's loss I grieve:—
 Psho! Psho!

Very well, very well, think as you please.

AIR. MARGARETTA. *Storace.*

With lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
 I call the tender mind to pity.
 My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
 And chilling poverty's my lot;
 From passing strangers aid entreating,
 I wander thus, alone, forgot.
 Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
 And Heav'n reward you with its blessing!

Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken,
 Of battles fought, and captives taken;
 The jovial tar so boldly sailing,
 Or cast upon some desert shore;
 The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
 And fearing ne'er to see him more.
 Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
 And Heav'n reward you with its blessing!

T R I O. *Storace.*

MARGARETTA, DOROTHY, AND NELLY.

Nelly. Knocking at this time of day!
What's your bus'ness, mistress, pray?

Margaretta. A stranger, at your friendly door,
I shelter from the night implore.

Nelly. This begging is a sorry trade,
I fear you'll find but little aid,—
But stay!—I'll ask, and let you know.

Margaretta. Alas! too sure, I fear, 'tis true;
A beggar finds a beggar's due,
Tho' oft unfeign'd the tale of woe.

Dor. You must be gone—we're left alone,
And harbour here can give to none.

Margaretta. My aching feet no more suffice;
A little straw is all I crave.

Dor. & Nel. Not two miles hence the village lies—
I wonder what the wench would
have.

Go, get you packing, gipsy, hence!
We told you that you could not
stay—

I wonder at your impudence—
Begone, you baggage! march!
away!

Margaretta. Hapless lot! must I go hence?
Pity me, and let me stay!
Poverty is no offence;—

'Tis too late to find the way,

Dor. & Nel. Go, get you packing hence!
You know you cannot stay—
What matchless impudence!
You baggage, march! away!

D U E T.

CROP AND DOROTHY. *Storace.*

Crop. I think I'll venture to furmise,
I know who'll speak the first.

Dor. You think, no doubt, you're wond'rous
wife;—

Before I'll speak, I'll burst.

Both. Depend upon't, you'll have the worst;—

Crop. Can you your tongue keep in?

Dor. Yes—when shall we begin?

Crop. When I hold up my thumb:

Both. Agreed, agreed—

Now—now—take heed!

Dor. I'm silent.

Both. Mum!—Mum!—Mum!

FINALE. *Storace.*

ROBIN, FREDERICK, WILLIAM, CROP,
MARGARETTA, AND DOROTHY.

Crop. How often thus I'm forc'd to trudge!
I own this useless toil I grudge.

Robin. Cheer up, and let your heart be light!

Crop. Tho' long and tiresome be the way,
I must be back at break of day.

Robin. Your gain the labour shall requite.

Fred. I'll think on what you said.

Crop. Aye, aye, be careful, Fred:—

Margaretta. Lost in the dark, perplex'd I rove,
And know not where I stray;
Some kindly star, a friend to love,
Direct me on my way!

Dor. I'll see if yet the coast be clear—
Hold! hold! not yet;—they still are
here.

Crop. & Fred. But if at last my suit should fail—

Rob. & Will. Pshaw! never stand to quake and
quail.

Crop. & Fr. } To-night good fortune be our guide!

Rob. & Wil. } We'll take the best that may betide.

Crop. & Fr. } Hope, a distant joy disclosing,

Rob. & Will. } Balmy comfort can impart:

Marg. } Anxious doubt in hope reposing,

Dorothy. } Fancy calms the troubled heart.

My }
Our } weary toil success repay,

And fortune guide { me }
 { us } on the way!

A C T II.

AIR. WILLIAM. *Storage.*

From aloft the sailer looks around,
And hears below the murm'ring billows found:
Far off from home he counts another day;
Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away;
 His courage wants no whet,
 But he springs the fail to fet,
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 And, caring nought,
 He turns his thought
To his lovely Sue, or his charming Bet.

Now to Heav'n the lofty topmast soars,
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars;
Now Ocean's deepest gulphs appear below,
The curling surges foam, and down we go:
 When skies and seas are met,
 They his courage serve to whet:
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 And dreading nought,
 He turns his thought
To his lovely Sue, or his charming Bet,

AIR. MARGARETTA. *Gretry.*

A Miser bid to have and hold me,
 And greedy parents would have sold me ;
 A husband was enough for me,

No matter ugly, lame, or old ;—
 There was no harm, that they could see,
 So all his bags were full of gold :—
 No, Robin, no, you need not fear,
 You never were in danger here :

Should such a husband have, or hold ?
 No, Robin, no, you need not fear,
 You never were in danger here.

With musty visage, sour, and gloomy,
 The tott'ring dotard came to woo me ;
 He said my love was worth a groat—
 And then he tried, good lord ! to smile :—

It makes me sick the very thought—
 I could not bear him all the while ;
 No, Robin, no, you need not fear,
 You never were in danger here :

It makes me sick—the very thought—
 No, Robin, no, you need not fear,
 You never were in danger here.

AIR. LOUISA. *Storace.*

Our steps by virtue's laws to bind,
 Asks but a transient pain ;
 But who would calm the troubled mind,
 Oft finds the effort vain.

Love scorns to free his captive prey,
 Though reason take the field ;
 Then most his artful wiles betray,
 When most he feigns to yield.

AIR. FREDERICK. *Giordani.*

Pretty maid, your fortune's here,
 You have pow'r the heart to charm;
 Leave your hand—what should you fear?
 Wrinkled age can do no harm.
 Mercy on me! what is this!
 Lines of heart too hard I see;—
 (How I long to print a kiss) [*aside.*]
 On the hand you shew to me.
 Pretty maid, &c.

DUET. *Altered from Pleyel.*

FREDERICK & LOUISA.

Thus ev'ry hope obtaining,
 The doubtful conflict o'er,
 Fortune, of thee complaining,
 I waste my sighs no more.
 Love, by thy pow'r bestowing
 The hand, I fondly prize,
 Take, from a heart o'erflowing,
 My vows, which grateful rise.
 Still fondly possessing
 The { Youth } I adore,
 { Maid }
 In transport unceasing each moment shall roll;
 Content with my blessing,
 I ask for no more,
 But dote on the treasure so dear to my soul.
 The envy of time strives in vain to destroy
 The raptures, which hearts thus united enjoy,
 Each hour, as it flies, our delights shall improve,
 And friendship attend on the triumph of love.

AIR. MARGARETTA. *Storace.*

Across the downs this morning as betimes I
 chanc'd to go,
 A shepherd led his flock abroad, all white as
 driven snow;
 But one was most the shepherd's care,
 A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair,
 Its wond'rous beauties, in a word, to let you fair-
 ly know,
 'Twas such as Nelly from the fire took off not
 long ago.

[*Dialogue.*]

This lamb, as blithe as midsummer, its frolick gam-
 bols play'd,
 And now, of all the flock a-head, the pretty wan-
 ton stray'd;
 A wolf, that watch'd with greedy eyes,
 Rush'd forth, and seiz'd the tender prize:
 The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone, so round, so
 large, I vow,
 'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid upon the shelf
 just now.

[*Dialogue.*]

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung, and
 well his aim he took,
 Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd around
 to cast a look,
 But fled as swift, with footstep light,
 As he, who brought the wine to-night;---
 I tried to stop the thief, but he turn'd round in
 rage, good lack!—
 So mad the lawyer scarce can be, that's hid in
 yonder sack.

SONGS, DUETS, TRIO,
AND
FINALES,
IN
K
NO SONG NO SUPPER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE MUSIC CHIEFLY COMPOSED BY

Mr. STORACE:

THE REST SELECTED FROM

PLEYEL, GRETRY, GIORDANI, &c.

1790.

Dramatis Personæ.

Crop.....Mr. Dignum.
Frederick.....Mr. Kelly.
Robin.....Mr. Bannister, Jun.
EndlessMr. Suett.
William.....Mr. Sedgwick.
Servant.....Mr. Alfred.

DorothyMrs. Bland.
LouisaMrs. Crouch.
MargarettaSignora Storace.
Nelly.....Miss Hagley.
GrandmotherMrs. Booth.

Chorus of Peasants, &c.

FINALE. *Storace.*

C H O R U S.

Let shepherd lads and maids advance,
And neatly trim be seen ;
To-night we'll lead the mazy dance
In circles o'er the green.

Fred. & Louisa. { Beyond our hopes by fortune crown'd,
Here all our troubles cease :
Each year, that takes its jocund round,
Shall bring content and peace.

C H O R U S.

Let shepherd lads, &c.

Marg. And whilst we sport, and dance, and play,
The tabour blithe shall sound ;
We'll laugh and chant our carols gay,
While merry bells ring round.

C H O R U S.

Now mirth, and glee, and pastime light,
The frolick hours shall share ;
And sparkling eyes shall wake to-night—
To-morrow's time for care.

And whilst we sport, &c.

F I N I S.

FINALE

CHORUS

Let the people and the nations
And the nations be joined
To sing the new song
In the church of the living

And let the people be joined
To sing the new song
In the church of the living
And let the people be joined

CHORUS

Let the people and the nations
And the nations be joined
To sing the new song
In the church of the living

CHORUS

Let the people and the nations
And the nations be joined
To sing the new song
In the church of the living

CHORUS

Let the people and the nations
And the nations be joined
To sing the new song
In the church of the living